

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1919.

THE HUMBLER RUINS

Toward Reims the feet of the pilgrims turn and, for years to come, will turn. Mankind passes in reverent procession before the martyred cathedral, the great maimed church, which, for all its wounds—perhaps a little because of its wounds—stands today as stupendously beautiful, as magnificent, as unconquerable as the Winged Victory of Samothrace.

But he who has seen Reims and only Reims has not looked upon the pathos of the war. Let him go, rather, to some such watch tower as Hattinchtel or Montsec and look down into the valley, strewn with little roofless villages which lie white in the spring sunshine, as white and as dead as the bleached bones left along the desert route by some forgotten caravan.

Let him go down into the villages. Let him seek out such a spot as Mazeris, say, and speak there for a while with the gaunt, white-haired woman who, amid the ruins of her home, is trying to begin again. She points to a bit of land still blighted by the battle that swept over it, still riddled with shell holes and tangled with wire.

"That land," she says, "is all we have. So we have come back to it. Mais ce n'est pas gai, Monsieur."

No, it is not much fun, Madame. Life never is much fun for "the people who go to bed tired and wake up without the stimulation of lively hope." In all the complex responsibility for the war can be found no faint suggestion that any of the fault was theirs. Yet on them has fallen its heaviest burden. For them the peace that is to be must be made a lasting one. If it be not—why, God pity them. And if, through the shortcomings of any statesman, it be not, may God have mercy on his soul.

THE SURROUNDED BATTALION

No single episode of the A.E.F.'s history has a stronger hold on the imagination of the folk back home than that of the beleaguered battalion—the episode of the surrounded ravine in the Argonne Forest. It is one of the few stories that have already taken on the character of legend.

Now the unfortunate battalion is surrounded again—surrounded by a great mass of inaccurate detail and misleading comment. For example, the battalion commander is—and always will be—fondly known from Maine to California as "Go-to-Hell" Whittlesey, under the delusion that he made that ringing reply to the German call for surrender, when, as he has always scrupulously explained, he made no reply whatever, ringing or otherwise.

Then, too, some not altogether dispassionate observers, feeling that the legend has outgrown all reason, cannot resist a tendency to belittle the achievement. They say that Colonel Whittlesey, once finding himself surrounded, should have fought his way back to the main body of divisional troops before his own forces were too spent by hunger, wounds and exposure. In saying this, they overlook the fact that that course would have abandoned to their fate, while there was yet hope of saving them, 80 American boys wounded in the advance on the ravine.

Other critics find relief in contemplating the obvious fact that the battalion would never have been surrounded at all if the division had functioned perfectly and nothing gone wrong. Naturally. If nothing had gone wrong, we should never have heard of the Charge of the Light Brigade nor would there be any thrill for us now in the word "Gallipoli."

It was the staunch spirit displayed by the men throughout that ghastly week which filled with enthusiasm the forest witnesses who chanced to see them when, emaciated and exhausted, they were carried out at last. That enthusiasm spread from the forest to the uttermost ends of America. The home folks said: "These men have done their country proud." And the home folks were right. They usually are.

GOSH!

You can lie in other mediums than by word of mouth or key of typewriter. The wielder of the brush and crow quill seems to be hard at work making the world safe for Ananias.

Most of our artists, apparently, never got to war, or, if they did, they are still at it, with no opportunity for drawing.

And when one of the leading American humorous papers publishes a full-page sketch of a home-going soldier leisurely strolling up a gangplank, all by his lonesome, and shaking hands with a poilu who has sauntered down to the dock to see him off; when we see this and think back upon our first going on board ship, close formation and in a personally conducted expedition supervised by 'steven thousand officers and non-coms and embarkation officials and gobs and super-gobs and other dignitaries, we feel that "art for art's sake" may possibly have pulled a bone. It should be: Art, for God's sake!

US FOREIGNERS

Many of the A.E.F. have already started, or are about to start, upon a pilgrimage, the gravity of which should not be underestimated. The travel directed being necessary in the military service, it has been deemed expedient to send a considerable section of the Army to America. It may be for years and for some it may be forever. Perhaps there are those among us who will never again view the consecrated rain-

swept shores of Brest or the beloved marshes of the St. Aignan concentration camp. But as good soldiers, we must obey.

G.H.Q. has refrained from making known the cause of this migration, but it is certain that it would not have been undertaken had not the exigencies of the situation demanded it. The A.E.F., being traditionally bound to America by bonds of sentiment, has been called upon to do its bit. It may be that the present troop movement is forced upon us by some Indian uprising near Schenectady or Newark or other settlements in that vast wilderness; it may be that our intrepid men may have to stem a stampede of angry buffalo, which, the French tell us, roam wild from Vermont into South Carolina, and from whose hoofs, it is charged, is manufactured the national American dish—canned willie.

But whatever the cause, let us go to do our bit. Furthermore, let us remember that Americans are Americans, with their own customs and ideas—primitive, no doubt, but none the less to be respected. Even in a land as sparsely populated as that, it would never do to antagonize the natives by openly sneering at their peculiar institutions—the Saturday night bath, the Thanksgiving dinner, the occasional change of underclothes, the longitudinal pants that will not come unwrapped. They, too, as well as we, have a certain sneaking fondness for their country. If we cannot accept their ways, we can at least tolerate them.

And let us go with a dry eye and a merry smile. When we bid farewell to our mademoiselles, and our trench shoes, and our cooties, and all that we hold most dear, let us not break into hysterics. We must remember that we are soldiers.

This is grim business, yes, damned grim business.

SUBPOENAING THE EXPERTS

Just now you belong to the Army. Pretty soon the Army will belong to you. What are you going to do with it?

You are returning, or soon will return, to that citizen body of which the Army is but a servant, an employee, an instrument. Presumably you have devoted considerable thought to the good and bad qualities of that instrument. In all probability you have come to the conclusion that, if a decent amount of attention had been paid to it in times of peace, it would have been a little readier when the world called on us to use it.

When you go back and have abandoned as futile your original intention of lying in wait for your old top to paste him one in the smoot, are you going to vanish into the legions crowd and forget all about the Army? Remember, it will be peculiarly up to you, both as a voter and as expert, to see that next time, if there ever is a next time, it shall be found as fit and clean and flexible an instrument as work and vision can make it. Are you going to keep an eye on the next Congressional committee that sits down to rewrite the Army legislation?

After all, it will be your Army, you know. What are you going to do with it?

UNDER DOGS

"Why," asks a casual, "are we casuals the undesirable of the A.E.F.? Nobody loves us."

That last part has a reminiscent sound. Years ago a plump actor, Macklin Arbuckle by name, gained fame and fortune by an almost identical remark. Just as the curtain went down at the finale of one act he was wont to groan dully, "Oh, hell, nobody loves a fat man!"

And then the management raised his pay, and people sent him flowers, and pretty girls wrote letters to him telling him how they just perfectly adored chubbiness, and Mr. Arbuckle took on more weight and led the life of Riley.

Thus it goes. The under dog gets all the frankfurters from a sympathetic public, while the vainglorious winner has to sneak up the nearest alley with a canned-willie tin tied to his tail.

So with the casual. He may think his lot is a hard one, but let him wait until he gets home. Some evening he will go to call on Her, and maybe find Her in the company of his hated rival, a man who went to France in a regular division, and stayed in a regular division, and came home with a regular division, and everything. And when his h.r. gets through telling his thrilling tale and she calls upon him for his story, he can bury his face in his hands and murmur:

"Ah, woe is me! I was only a casual. I got deloused more, and M.P.'d more, and S.O.L'd more than any other guy in France. Nobody loves a casual!"

Then as his rival, recognizing the inevitable, eases toward the door, she will throw herself in his arms and warble: "Oh, Rupert, you poor, dear thing! How you have suffered! Let me see your little cassette!"

Oh, boy! Everybody's going to love a casual!

PIGS IS PIGS

There is an impression, more or less current even among our friends, that when the candy bin of the A.E.F. begins to run low, some figure juggler on THE STARS AND STRIPES gets busy and replenishes it on paper.

Men who are cheated out of their candy feel that they must bark somewhere, but in this case they are barking up the wrong tree. The bin is actually replenished often enough, but soon emptied again by a class of folk whom, like the poor, it seems we must ever have with us.

The much-abused candy writer of THE STARS AND STRIPES last week paid a visit to the headquarters of the Q.M.C. at Tours. He emerged in a very sweet frame of mind and a story of the arrival of a ship bringing 2,000,000 pounds of candy. He happened to stop in for a minute at the Tours sales commissary and while there saw one member of the A.E.F. pocket and pay for 25 pounds of candy and walk satisfied away. A little later the sign "no candy" greeted a long line of waiting men.

All of which reminds one very much of a familiar barnyard scene in which a certain animal gets in a certain place with all four and the rest clamor for the leavings.

The Army's Poets

WHEN THE ORDERS COME

There's a host a-ridin' anchor
In the port of St. Nazaire,
And his bow's a-foam' westward
For some good Atlantic air;
You can have my whole durned outfit
For I haven't got a care
When a ship's a-loadin' cargo
For a harbor over there.

They can have the French they taught me
As a bloomin' souvenir
I know another language
That is sweeter to my ear;
They can have their watered cognac
And their old left-over beer
For we've finished up the business
Till there ain't no liquor here.

There's a Goddess in a harbor
With a bugle at her lip
And she blows the notes of Recall
To a soldier-laden ship
And my buddy's over-land
With a bottle on his hip
And he's got it all protected
If his happy feet should slip.

They can tell Marie Louise
That I'm off to Sandy Hook
That the lovin' ways she taught me
Ain't no new to this old crook
That no second will be issued
And she needn't come to look
Cause the address ain't my address
That I scribbled in her book.

Oh! My baby, I'm a-comin',
And I'll strut the avenue
And I'm just as happy, honey,
That I don't know what to do;
Well, I'm ready for paradin'
For I've seen the Heineles through.
But I'll march at no attention
When I lay my eyes on you.

J. P.

LINE TO A DISCONSOLATE BUDDY

Well, if you've lost your sweetheart, Bill,
Remember, there's the sea,
Remember, there are Roman pines,
And fragrant China tea,
Scented like sillas and saadawood
And poppies from Candy.

Yet is the sprawling desert fierce
And clean with smattering light
From sharp Sierras where we watched
Somewhere's bandits fight;
And bandits there are still, old Bill,
If you go looking right.

Tequila hasn't lost its sting,
Nor tips their honest taste
As you ride home across the range
Coyotes make a waste
Of a lone howling when black clouds
Across the moon are chased.

The rough caress of winter winds,
The bippin's soothing rill,
Softness of poppies, spring grass, snow
And possum roasted white,
The obvious fun of fishing
For black bass with a pole.

The world is full of joy, Billy,
And full of things to see,
Fantastic, new and beautiful
To such as you and me—
But, mostly, there are ships, old top,
As fair as any she.

Garo.

WHO?

Who won the war? 'Tis hard to say;
Each has a different story,
And each will argue, you and nay,
While splitting up the glory.

Now in the States, one says 'twas wheat;
Another says 'twas tractor;
And oil and cotton, lumber, meat,
Are named as leading factors.

'Twas ships alone, the Jackie hears;
The S.O.S. claims credit,
The M.P.'s and the Engineers
Are sure their members led it.

The Y will say 'twas chocolate;
The officers, saluting;
But one thing is sure as fate
And none I've heard disputing.

For on this point they all agree,
That's simply nothing to it;
Whoever put the Y's in peace
We doughboys didn't do it.

WILLIAM H. DANFORTH,
Pvt., Co. A, 127th Inf.

SONG OF THE CAMIONEERS

Gaily with cheers, cursing at fours,
Twelve hundred stouthearted camioneers
Served with the French, nothing could quench
Their courage in carting up shells to the trench.
So, fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

To hell with the Hun! Speed up the guns!
We're debauching mountains, tons upon tons;
What if we croak? The day is today!
Anyway living is only a joke.

So, fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

Fighting for France, in the Advance,
Long before others were given the chance,
"Carefree and gay," Gamble your pay!
Yesterday's gone, but the day is today!

Fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

Mouse to the Somme, ranting their room,
Whatever the sector, they're always at home;
Fighting for Right, cursing with might,
Cursing in camp until late in the night.

Fill the cup high and never say die,
They sang on their camions thundering by!

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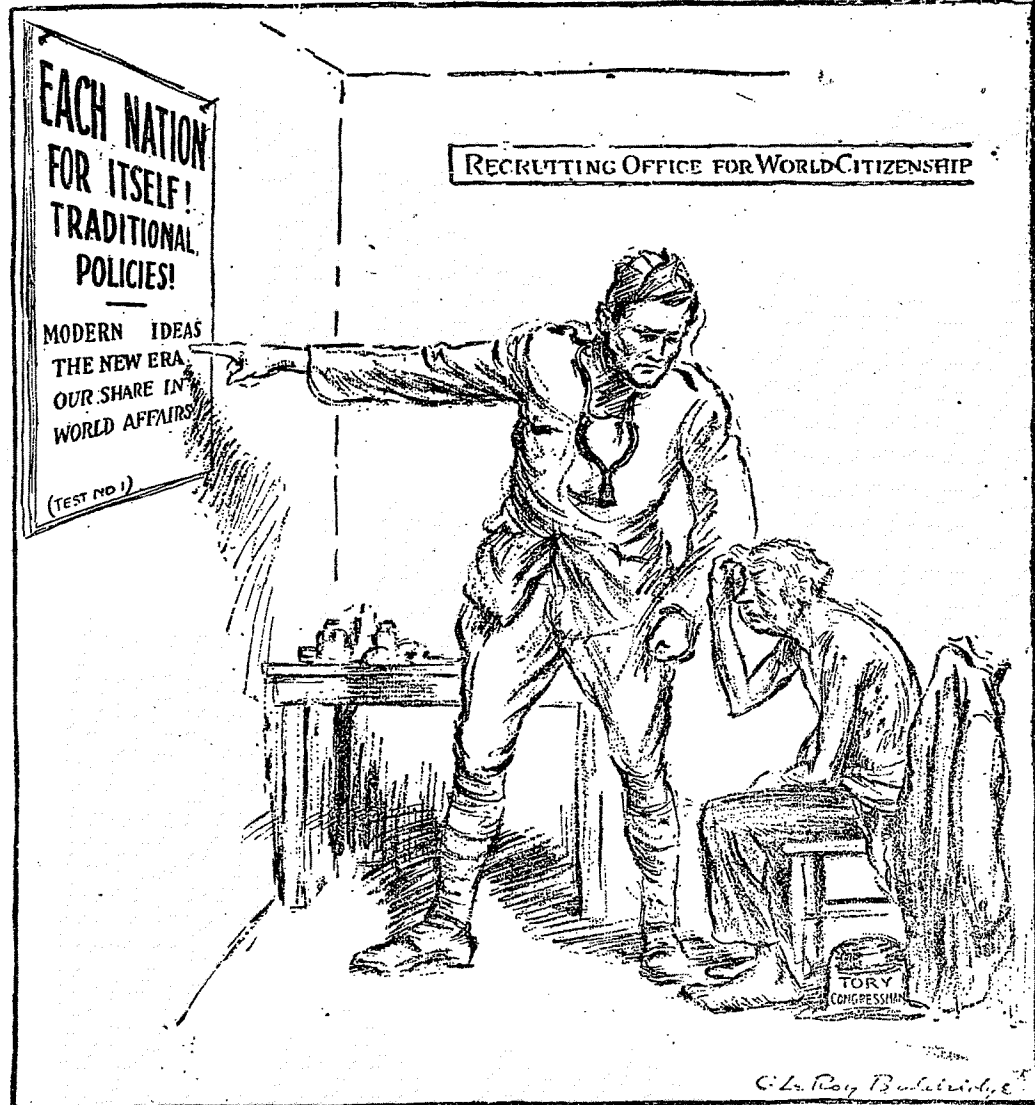
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UNFIT FOR SERVICE



He Can't Read the Last Words

WHAT AN OUTFIT!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
I have read with no little interest the different unusual records of the soldiers of the A.E.F., and, while some of them are good, I am afraid all of your efforts in securing same were unnecessary, as our company alone can furnish some records that will eclipse any of the A.E.F.

Take the subject of baseball. One of our lads from Brookline, Mass., whose services were demanded by every manager of the two big leagues, turned them down because his Sunday school teacher didn't believe in professional ball playing. During our first stay in the trenches the Hunns were very much surprised one morning to see a huge stand erected between our first and second lines with a lone occupant, and they immediately attempted to dislodge him by hurling over shells of every caliber. Imagine their surprise when Harold would reach out and grab them and, by a quick snap, reutilize them in time for the Jerries to get the advantage of the explosion. After several attempts the Boche quit in disgust and every morning Harold would take his seat and calmly sit and spit derision at his baffled pursuers.

In the matter of length of service, I believe Old Man Charlie Cogle of our outfit holds the record. He enlisted in 1860, and served with honor as a machine gunner during the Civil War under General Grant. He accepted his discharge after the close of the war, but immediately re-enlisted after several intensive disputes with his wife. You would be surprised at the agility of the old man, and it is quite interesting to hear him tell of some of his experiences during 1861-1865.

The tallest man in the service, without a doubt, is Tommy Shinn, who is 8 feet 4 1/2 inches. The reason you have never heard of him before is because of his extreme sensitivity about his height and the fact that he never shows himself.

The shortest man in the service is Burley Mey, whose actual height is 3 feet 2 1/2 inches. He succeeded in passing the medical examination by exchanging the examining doctor's glasses for a pair that possessed great magnifying power. He and Tommy Shinn are pals, and it is a pretty picture to see them together.

Our entire company holds the record for length of service in France, as we came over a day ahead of General Pershing. It has never been mentioned before, as we were not supposed to arrive until after our Commander-in-Chief.

We have one man in our company who made 55 out of a possible 50 on the rifle range. The last shot tore through the bull's-eye and, striking a rock, glanced back and went through the bull's-eye again.

We will have another record before we leave France as a truck driver who had heard through a chauffeur at G.H.Q. told one of our wagoners that our outfit was scheduled to follow the A.E.F. home, and we can truthfully state that we were the last organization to leave France.

CORPORAL TOM.

OUR ERROR, SIR

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

In justice to all concerned, it is desired to correct a detail (typographical error, doubtless) in the article "Defenses Broken in Final Lunges at Line of Meuse," page 8, issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES of April 11.

When the 5th Division forced the crossing of the Meuse it was Company F, of the 7th Engineers, that laid the first bridge over the river and canal at Brioules under enemy fire, and not Company E, as stated.

Company E could have and would have done the work, but it was not their job, and, although they had some carrying details assisting, the whole of Company F was engaged, and the responsibility was theirs alone.

W. R. SWAN,
Maj., Engrs., Commanding.

YOU WIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

More dog-tag poker. Cpl. C. L. Taylor is running the joker wild, so I am running the wild and forgetting Hoyle altogether. Under the rules of the game, my hand is not foul and it reads 2266677. In other words, a full house and a pair to nigger with.

CPL. GEORGE L. PELTCHER.

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of April 26, 1918.

HUN ATTACK SMASHED BY YANKEE DEFENDERS—Long Encounter Northwest of Toul Results in Expulsion of Enemy from Our Lines With Heavy Losses.

BATTLE'S NEW PHASE INDECISIVE AS FIRST—German Attacks Gain Some Ground, But no Objective Is Won—Drain on Enemy Manpower Exceeds Verdun Effort.

GOLD SERVICE CHEVRONS FOR ALL A.E.F. MEN—One for Each Half Year—Washington Gives Coveted Decoration to 2,000 A. and S.O.S. Allies—Must Show Right to Wear It.

GIRLS MOST IN DEMAND AS AMERICAN MASCOTS—Fourth Week of Campaign Brings Orphan Adoptions up to 60.

CLEMENCEAU, "LE TOMBEUR" SCORES AGAIN—Wrecker of Cabinets Adds Austrian Sculpt to His Belt Ornaments.

WE'LL STICK—Our History Has a Way of Repeating Itself.

NO WEDDING BELLS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I wish to express my appreciation of the editorial "Unjust Suspicion," which appeared in your paper on April 11.

I am now a casual and have four chevrons equally divided on my sleeves. I was in the Infantry, but I'm a Q.M. now in a venereal camp. My outfit is home and discharged.

My sweetheart expresses sympathy for me in my present condition and wishes me well. But she does not think she would care for a husband who could not respect the girl he had asked to be his wife. So she said goodbye.

I am not a venereal patient; have never been one. Neither am I responsible for my presence here. The Boche snipers are to blame. However, I am sending her your editorial in hopes that she may think better of her decision.

S. M. T.,
Hq. Co., Bassans.

ASK GRANDPA

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I would appreciate the answering of the following two questions in your next issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Why call an Infantryman a doughboy?

Why call a where did the name "buck private" originate?

A. E. SANDERSON,
Air Service.

[The word "doughboy" originated in the Philippines. After a long march, your extremely dusty roads the Infantrymen came into camp covered with dust. The long hikes brought out the perspiration, and the perspiration mixed with the dust formed a substance resembling dough; therefore, their lucky brothers, the mounted soldiers, called them "doughboys."

A private was called a "buck" as far back as the Civil War. We have no Civil War veterans on the staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES, with the exception of a couple of typewriters and an alleged automobile, so we give up.

[Error.]

CENSORED O.K.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Why is it that we second lootes are the fall guys for all the bunk you fellows on THE STARS AND STRIPES hand out to the A.E.F.? I've read your columns since THE STARS AND STRIPES came into existence, and if I remember right you started the very first issue with reference to "the poor loote."

I've even reached the point where I walk down the regimental street and salute sergeant majors. I'm even bawled out by corporals. Why not put us into squads and put a corporal over us?

A. L. FIRCH,
2nd Lt., Infantry.
Censored O.K. by
L. K. JOHNSON,
Corporal, Q.M. Corps.

"TEN YEARS"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

As an addition to your story on some of the old names in the A.E.F., let me add the following: picked from my vouchers in the finance office, Hq., B.S. No. 2. I will say that these victims have all undergone the Sam-brownizing process, and I suppose I am liable to treason or lese majeste or something for taking their names in vain, but here goes.

First comes Lieut. Winter N. Snow, of the Air Service. I suppose that some mechanic could remark to his companion, "Snow is in the air," and the latter could reply, "Yes, Winter will be here soon" with perfect propriety, even in the middle of July. Everybody will agree that the place for Lieut. William E. Ford is in the Motor Transport Corps, but I'm in need of dental attention. I should hesitate before consulting Arthur E. Hurt, 1st Lieut., D.C.

It is common knowledge that many an American soldier is marrying a French girl, but I know of a captain who is Marion Nine. I have picked up a few stray strays from zealous payroll clerks who were willing to back him up on his conviction that a man could not draw pay as a lieutenant and a Sergeant at the same time by showing them the voucher for Lieut. Donald T. Sergeant. Along the same line is the case of Lieutenant Major, a rank unheard of until prefaced by Lieutenant Major's first name of Joseph, and an Army-Navy mix-up is the first conclusion when one sees a Commodore who is a lieutenant—Lieut. Commodore P. Stewart.

No officer should be broader, figuratively speaking, than a chaplain, but even the senior chaplain of Base 2 is Petty-Capt. Orville E. Petty.

Now, how many months at extra hard labor do you think I ought to get for this?

STANLEY BARNETT,
Sgt. 1st Cl. Q.M.C.

YOU TELL 'EM!

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: